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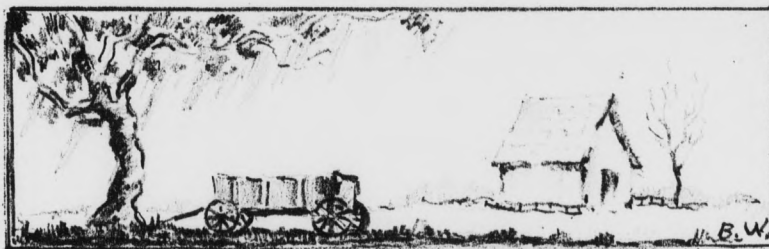
Bernard Wynne

SIERRA MADRE ARTS GUILD

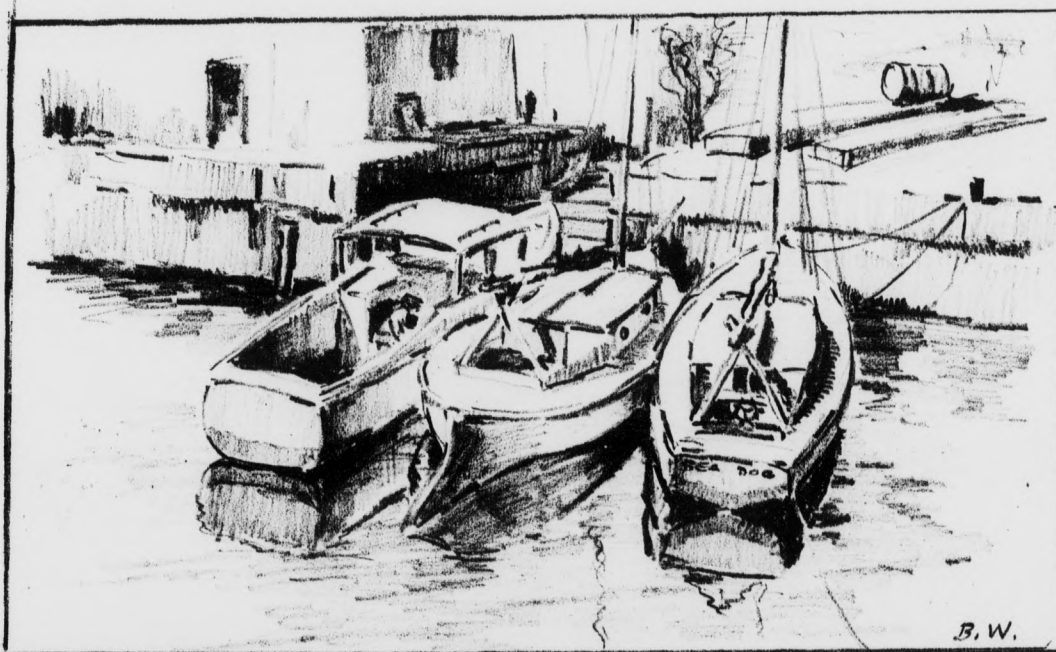


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HIGH LIGHTS

NOVEMBER 1947

Volume 8 Number 4

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ILLUSTRATIONS

The cover drawing, a lithograph, is the work of Bernard Wynne, while those of the advertisements are by Alfred James Dewey. The lettering was done by Elmer M. Weese, commercial artist. The printing of the covers was done by George Morgridge at Pasadena, California.

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HIGH LIGHTS, from the foothills; issued quarterly by Sierra Madre Arts Guild, at the Old Brick Oven, 28 Windsor Lane, in Sierra Madre, California.

PROGRESS

Over tomorrow shine forever the twin stars of hope and promise, their soft light reflected into the eyes of today; but over yesterday no gleam of light is seen because yesterday is dead. Out of dead yesterday comes nothing that is of value to us today except the hard lessons of experience that we call history, but out of tomorrow come our dreams to take, one by one, a shape and a reality.

Does man really go forward, or is it just a treadmill of time that is racing steadily to the rear from under his feet? As we look backwards into the dim reaches of the darkening past, we see that the waters there are thickly strewn with the jagged rocks and the reefs of experience. Whether the rocks came to us or we came to the rocks, many times we have sharply encountered them, and have survived safely to the present. Many like obstacles, no doubt, await us nearby and far ahead; but as we take our bearings from the reefs behind us, we shall avoid more and more of them as time goes on. That is one kind of progress.

But give us scope for our dreams, and we shall make another kind of progress; give us the space of the universe and an uninhibited range between our ideals and our realities, and with time we shall reach beyond the stars and beyond those imaginary beings with whom we have sometimes peopled the farthest heights. It is no static world that we want or shall have unless the heavens close down upon us; it is no stultifying permanence that we need seek or shall find unless dead yesterday returns.

Whether we move with time or time moves upon us, assuredly we move nevertheless, for there is nothing that is stationary in the material or the spirit. It is not that we move that is questioned, but that we move forward or backward; that, in the living present, we move out of or into the past. Basic to and included in all we are, are the realities of all the ages that we were. If then we reach through our dreams and our visions into the higher, the broader and the more complex, we go the direction of life, our realities lifting toward our ideals; but if through blindness or sloth we descend to the narrower, the simpler and the lower, we but follow the road to decadence and unto death.

L. B. W.



Margaret Court

- March 20th -

GUILD MEETING

On Friday evening, November 14, at 8:00 p.m., the Arts Guild will hold an open meeting at the Old Brick Oven, 28 Windsor Lane. Mr. Edward Lloyd Voorhees who compiled and wrote the second section of the Sierra Madre News of November 6 for the National Art Week Edition, will speak briefly on "Review of Art Week in Sierra Madre and Some After-Thoughts." This talk will be followed by a general discussion with questions from the audience on the relations of the arts to life in Sierra Madre. All artists and other persons interested in the arts are especially invited to attend this meeting and express their views and ideas.

Mr. Voorhees, formerly professor of English at Bard College, has spent many a summer studying art abroad.

LETTER FROM VIENNA

Blythe Foote, Jr.

(Miss Blythe Foote is now serving at the American Legation in Vienna as confidential secretary to Mrs. Eleanor Lansing Dulles, State Department economical advisor for Eastern Europe. The following are extracts from her letters to her father, Robert O. Foote, of Sierra Madre.)

On August 27, at 5 p.m., the transportation director of the State Department in Washington informed me that after a long delay, what with longshoreman strikers, etc., the S. S. America, that wonderful floating palace, was to sail from New York the next afternoon at 4 p.m., and if I could get my stuff together in one big hurry I could hop the Pennsylvania at 1 a.m. and make it. In a complete huff, I did and arrived to find I had one of the most lavish staterooms on board. It seems that because of the strikes there were only 63 first class passengers in place of the usual 500; therefore, everybody fared very well.

At Cherbourg some of the joy of the never-to-be-forgotten trip on the America was dimmed when coming ashore in the cold, grey dawn. Never have I seen such rubble, destruction, bombed docks and complete ruin. It is very discouraging to realize that most of Europe will never again look as it

must have before, with the exception of the countryside which they keep as neat as a pin. Going from Cherbourg to Paris, my ship friends and I had our first meal of black bread, dirt, and wine, but it really wasn't so bad. In Paris, the Embassy was our headquarters ('we' means the other girl who is going to Vienna) and because of the awful food shortage we ate most of our meals there. I can never tell you the things we packed into five days of Paris. You can't imagine how it must have changed. You always read of Paris as the city of fashion - well, now they look like 1930 editions in dress and styles of hair. But it can't be helped, and I must say they still retain a gaiety and nonchalance that not many other Europeans keep. It must be most discouraging not to know where the wool clothes, the bread and the fuel are coming from this winter. They really are worried about it. I spent one super-duper evening in a typical bohemian flat of a friend of mine from La Row days, and even she, who just married this French count last year, is worried sick about where they are going to get heat, light and food this winter.

Bidding a fond farewell to Paris, I left on the infamous Orient Express, after much loss of baggage. I came out rather lucky though - only had a couple sweaters, a dress and some odds and ends of toilet goods taken while in the French hotel. It was quaint there, but I can't get over the way the French scream, yell and tear their hair over every stupid, insignificant little confusion.

The Orient Express took us through Kiel, Stuttgart, Munich and Salzburg. The damage is inconceivable. There are boxcars after boxcars full of displaced persons all herded together like sheep, most of them sick and with little to eat. These trains sit in stations for days until an engine can be found to drag them to another bombed-out city. You do feel sorry for them; yet, they refuse to return to their former homes and just seem to wander aimlessly. The damage in Stuttgart and Munich is such that it makes one almost sick. The haunted, starved looks on some of the faces are terrible; and it is difficult to get used to the idea of people grabbing up your cigarette butts out of the gutter and smoking them, and carrying packs of wool and, in fact, all household effects on their backs. All the carts are drawn by cows, and there are no automobiles now except American jeeps. People either ride bicycles or walk.

The last night on the train, we passed into the Russian zone. A very blond and quite good looking Russian soldier queried us on all papers and asked about five million questions as to what we as Americans were doing here, all to the tune of a cute porter who acted as his interpreter. Every



Road in The Hills

after James Dwyer

Austrian on the train trembled in his shoes and pulled all the blinds down. We were there at the border two hours and finally got through but not until five women had been removed from the train for improper papers.

We arrived in Vienna at 3 a.m. one morning, not able to speak one word of German and with three trunks and twelve suitcases. We couldn't even find the legation phone, so managed to bribe a taxi driver who took us on a tour of the city including the Russian zone where you just don't go. Finally, we got hold of a legation official who billeted us that night in the only empty hotel in Vienna, which turned out to be an ex-Russian red-light house in the most horrible part of town. The rooms had bars on the windows like a jail and were just that narrow. The mattresses were of straw and the only lights were candles. The next morning, however, the administrative assistant at the Legation got us established at the Cottage Hotel in the outskirts of Vienna, a beautiful spot overlooking the Vienna Woods.

Things have been most exciting here in Vienna this week-end (Oct. 5), as we had an uproarious Communist demonstration in front of the Rausplatz which is the center of the city government and right across from the Russian building where hang huge portraits of Stalin and Lenin, and across from the Russian graveyard. They intended to take over the city government, but guess they didn't accomplish much. We went although warned not to, and watched the usual European mass demonstration with children carrying sticks and angry words really flying. The thing that makes you sick here is to see the children being sent out to do the dirty work of the parents - staging big parades and waving the usual red flag complete with the hammer and sickle, and then begging in the streets for stuff to sell in the Black Market! The Russians are really here to stay. They guard their two hotels, the Imperial and the Grand, with machine guns strapped on their backs, and have regular contingents of platoon men guarding all their installations.

Yesterday we had a bandwagon, flag-waving ceremony of our own here at the Legation when Mr. Erhardt, the Minister, and General Keyes decorated one of our co-workers, a Miss Junkerman, who held out against the Nazis and Russians for six years during the war, at the old Legation Building, protecting American diplomatic files.... She barricaded herself and would not let anybody in.... A very sweet little old lady who reminds me of my grandmother.

Saturday, we took quite a trip up to Salzburg and on to Berchtesgaden in Germany, where we spent the day. We went

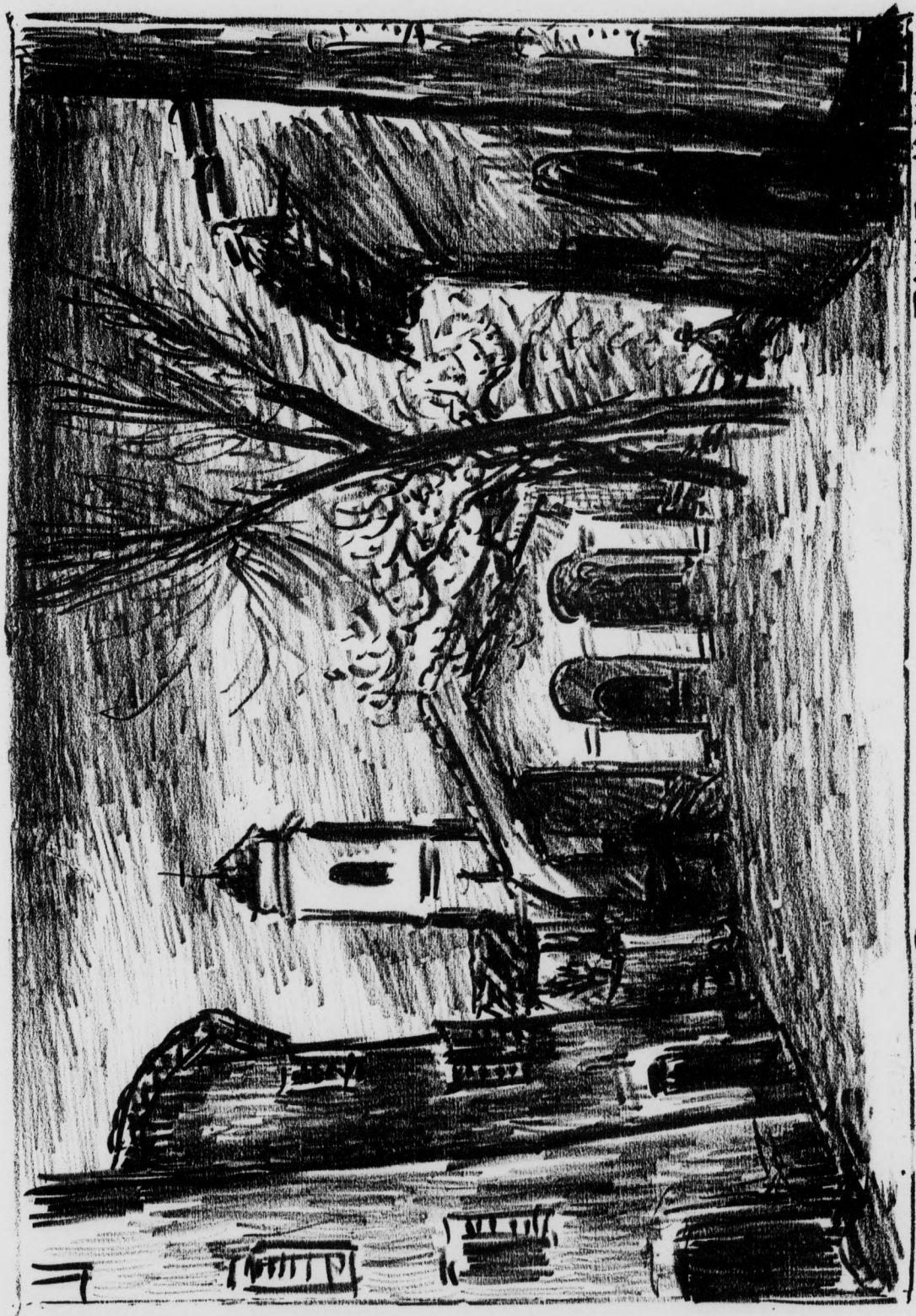
to Hitler's Eagle's Nest, which is on top of the highest peak in these Alps. An Army open air jeep took us on a hair-raising ride up a steep incline for miles. Then we walked through a subterranean cavern to an elevator as big as our house in Sierra Madre, all done in elaborate copper, with two floors. We rode up through an alp to the teahouse where Hitler, Goering, Mussolini and the rest used to have their tote-a-totes during the war. The view is gorgeous; you can see from there Switzerland, Austria and Germany, and a simply heavenly countryside. Afterwards we went down the mountain a way and there visited the house of which you have seen the pictures where Hitler and Eva stand on the lovely veranda or in front of that big bay window. Of course now it is mostly rubble - but he had a whole town to himself, and the S.S. troops had quite an establishment, too.

Sunday, we went up to the Hohenzollern Castle which is another marvelous place from which you can see for miles around. They have a typical Viennese cafe there with panelled walls all covered with Tyrolean drawings. Salzburg is a dream city, very small and antiquated, built on a river and surrounded by innumerable farms, all very neat.

The Vienna operas are out of this world - the costuming in most of them is quite lavish, and their tricks of staging are certainly unique. We love them and go as often as we can, since there is a different one each night. The big opera here was bombed out, but there are still some of note that are left. Beautiful stars and very handsome leading men! At the opera, "Orpheus und Die Unterwelt," the actors came to a sign on the way from heaven to hell that said "Earth" - it was printed in four languages. Maybe you think the audience didn't howl at that one! Everything in Vienna is done in four languages. By the way, I am now taking piano lessons. Wonderful music teachers almost go begging here, and it seems a big shame to pass opportunity up. But more of all that and other musical matters in my next letter.

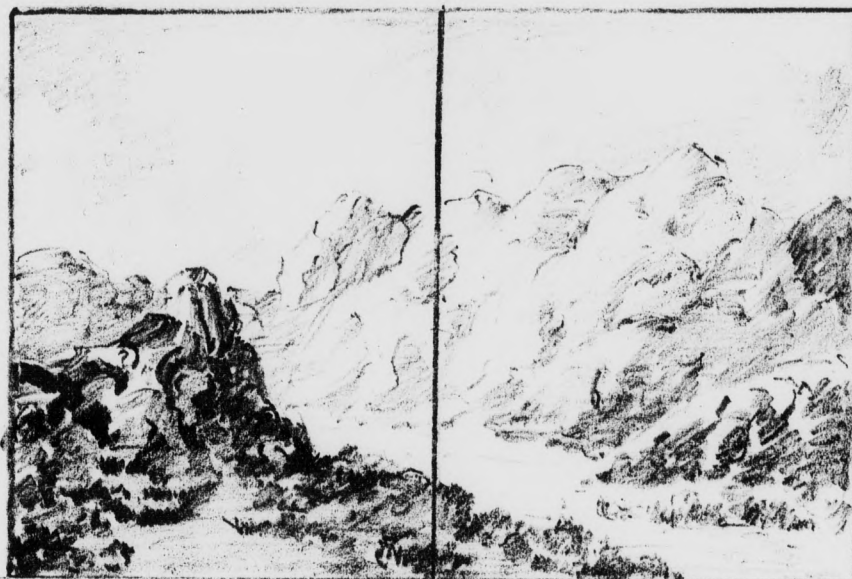
THE ARTISTS

The lithographs featured in this number are reproductions from the work of the Sierra Madre artists, Margaret Cash, Paul Rohland and Alfred James Dewey, while the cover design is from the work of Bernard Wynne.



PAUL ROMLAND

CHAPEL IN FRANCE

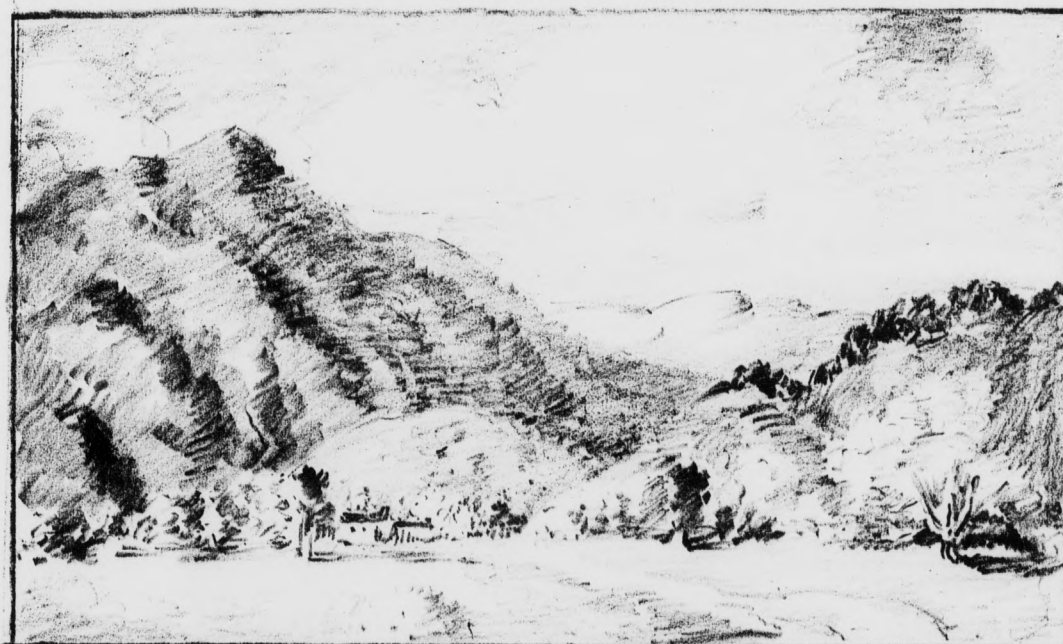


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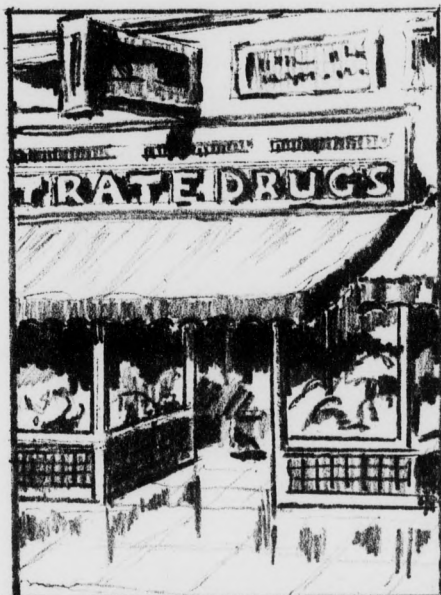


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